Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.
Tran. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.
Gre. Yes I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.
Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.
Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forswear him, or else wee are all vndone.
Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.
Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*
Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father.
Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?
Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Heere's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Bianeas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the Towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to:
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.
Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the laile.
Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, wee will content you, go to:
but I will in to be reuengd for this villanie. *Exit.*
Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*
Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.
Exeunt

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,

Out

Out of hope of all, but my share of t
Kate. Husband let's follow, to s
Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and w
Kate. What in the midst of the s
Petr. What art thou asham'd of
Kate. No sir, God forbid, but ash
Petr. Why then let's home again
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kis
Petr. Is not this well? come m
Better once then neuer, for neuer too

Actus Quin

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremi
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello G
The seruingmen wit
in a Banq

Luc. At last, though long, our i
And time it is when raging warre is
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblo
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welc
While I with selfe same kindnesse w
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortensio* with thy louing
Feast with the best, and welcome to
My banket is to close our stomakes
After our great good cheere: pray y
For now wee sit to chat as well as ea
Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and
Bap. *Padua* affoords this kindn
Petr. *Padua* affords nothing bu
Hor. For both our sakes I would
Pet. Now for my life *Hortensio*
Wid. Then neuer trust me if I b
Petr. Yenare very sensible, and

I

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